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Bugbee's Popular Plays

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Happyville School Picnic

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

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The Willis N. Bugbee Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Bugbee's Popular Plays

The Happyville School Picnic

A Play For Children

BY

WILLIS N. BUGBEE

*Author of "Closing Day at Beanville School,"
"Uncle Si and the Sunbeam Club," "Grad-
uation at Gayville," "Aunt Sophronia at
College," etc., etc.*

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SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Happyville School Picnic

CHARACTERS

Johnny Perkins	Jennie Hobbs
Harry Wright	Fanny Smith
Allen Tubbs	Annie Dean
Fred Houston	Mary Jane Gill
Frank Austin	Matilda Plunkett
Ebenezer Bumpus	Dora Price
Peter Green	Flora Price
Jacob Hoffman	Lisbeth Ann Mills
Miss Simms	

COSTUMES

JACOB wears very large baggy pants and large-figured waist. PETER is padded to appear very fleshy. His clothes are very tight-fitting. In latter part of play he wears a potato bag around him like a skirt.

Any costumes may be worn by other children—odd-fitting, gaily-colored, or ordinary as desired. MISS SIMMS wears light-colored summer suit.

TIME OF PLAYING: Thirty minutes or longer.

OCT -9 1920

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The Happyville School Picnic

SCENE: An open space in the woods with *shrubbery* at the back of stage. A teeter board is back of center.

(Enter JOHNNY, R., JENNIE, L.)

JOHNNY. Hello, Jennie! Ain't it a bully day for the picnic.

JENNIE. Yes, but you'd better not let Miss Simms hear you say that.

JOHNNY. Well then, isn't it a real nice day—and gee! but ain't we going to have a bushel of fun.

JENNIE. See all the tables and swings and teeter boards? My pa helped put 'em up this morning.

JOHNNY. Did he? Well soon's I find a place for this old basket I'm going to get into one of the swings.

(Enter HARRY.)

HARRY. Miss Simms anywhere round?

JOHNNY. Guess not. I'm looking for her myself.

JENNIE. So'm I. Wish she'd come.

(Enter FRANK.)

FRANK. Where's Miss Simms?

JOHNNY. You tell us and we'll tell you.

JENNIE. Oh, there she comes now—back of those trees.

HARRY. And a whole bunch of kids tagging her up.

FRANK (*pointing*). Look at Jake! I'll bet a nickel with a hole in it that he's got his pa's pants on with the legs cut off.

(Enter MISS S., FANNY, ANNIE, MARY JANE, MATILDA, ALLEN and FRED.)

JENNIE. Oh, Miss Simms, we've been looking all over for you.

MISS S. Have you? Well, I'm right here.

JOHNNY. Say, Miss Simms, do you know what you make me think of?

MISS S. Why, no—how should I?

JOHNNY. You make me think of the old woman that went to St. Ives with seven kids and each kid had seven sacks and each sack had seven cats and—

FANNY. Johnny Perkins, you mean thing! We aren't kids any more'n you are—

ANNIE. And we haven't got seven cats either.

MISS S. There, there, children, you musn't quarrel at the picnic. We want everybody to be happy today.

ALLEN. We ought to be happy because we live in Happyville.

MISS S. That's true—a village with such a happy name ought to have happy people in it.

MARY J. My ma says there's more mean folks live here than any other place we ever lived in.

MISS S. How many places have you lived in, Mary Jane?

MARY J. Just two. We lived at Grubb Holler onct.

MISS S. Well, now we must find a place to put these baskets, children.

JOHNNY. I'll be glad of that. Mine's heavy as lead. It's chuck full of baked beans.

JENNIE. So's mine.

FANNY. And mine.

ANNIE. And mine.

MARY. Mine, too.

FRED. Gee! I guess we all brought beans, didn't we, teacher? It's going to be a regular bean picnic.

MISS S. Dear me! How did it ever happen? And I thought it was all arranged so nicely just what

you were each to bring.

JENNIE. Well, you know you told me to bring beans.

MISS S. Yes, you and Fannie and Harry were to bring beans, but the rest of you—

JAKE. I didn't pring beans, teacher. I pring some-dings petter as beans—I pring limperger cheese.

(All hold noses.)

SEVERAL. Oh, phew! Limberger cheese!

FRANK. I didn't bring beans, either. I brought pickles.

MISS S. How about you, Johnny?

JOHNNY. Gee! I guess I must have forgot and told ma to bake beans instead of a cake.

MARY. I told ma you wanted her to bake a cake but she said she didn't have time. She said it was easier to bake beans.

FANNY. I'm afraid I forgot to tell my ma what to bake.

MATILDA. Well, I've got a cake anyway, and ma says we can have another one if we want it.

(Enter EBENEZER with basket.)

ANNIE. I'll bet Ebenezer's got something good in his basket.

EBENEZER. I-I brought some chicken s-sandwiches. Want to see 'em? *(opens basket.)*

FRANK. Jiminy Peter! Them's the funniest sandwiches I ever saw.

(All look in basket and laugh.)

EBEN. Well, gee whiz! Them's pa's eggs he was going to take to m-market. He'll be m-madder'n a hornet.

(Enter PETER.)

ALLEN. Here comes Stuffy! What you got in your basket, Stuffy?

PETER. Sandwiches—a hull bushel of 'em.

JOHNNY. Good for you. (*Counts on fingers.*) Now we've got beans, pickles, sandwiches, raw eggs with chickens in 'em, and—

FANNY. And limberger cheese.

SEVERAL. Oh my!

MISS S. Well, now all of you go and put your baskets on the table where we can find them.

FRANK. All right, Miss Simms. Forward, March! (*All march in circle singing to tune of "Miller of the Dee."*)

Oh, we're a band of picknickers—

A jolly band are we,

Our baskets filled with goody things,

As full as they can be,

And we're prepared to do our best—

Our very best, oh ho!

To eat up all these goody things

Before we homeward go.

(*All exeunt L in line, except MISS S. Voice at R calls, "Mith Thimms!"*)

(*Enter LISBETH ANN, with basket.*)

MISS S. Well, if here isn't Lisbeth Ann at last. I was afraid you weren't coming.

LISBETH. Yeth, ma'am, I've come, and you can't geth what I've got in my bathket.

MISS S. Why, I think like enough it's a cake.

LISBETH. Yeth um—a big cake with candy all over the top.

MISS S. You're a little darling, Lisbeth.

LISBETH. Thath what mamma always sath.

(*Enter ANNIE.*)

ANNIE. Say, teacher, Mrs. Bumpus and Mrs. O'Grady are setting the table aready.

MISS S. That's real nice of them, I'm sure.

(Enter HARRY.)

HARRY. Oh teacher, pa's here with his buzz wagon. He's brought two milk cans full of lemonade, and he's going to take Ebenezer home to get his sandwiches, and he'll get some more cakes for us if you'll tell him about 'em.

MISS S. Yes, Harry, I'll go right away. Come, Lisbeth Ann. (*Exeunt* MISS S. and LISBETH.)

HARRY. Oh say! Let's you'n me teeter, Annie.

ANNIE. Won't you make me fall off?

HARRY. Cross my heart. (*Crosses heart.*)

ANNIE. All right, then, I'll teeter with you.

(*They take places on teeter board.*)

HARRY. Let's see how high we can go.

ANNIE. No, don't! I don't like to go high.

HARRY. 'Twon't hurt you any. I like to go just as high as I can go.

ANNIE. There! That's high enough. Please don't make it go higher.

HARRY. Shucks! You're a fraidy cat.

ANNIE. Wait! I'm going to get off.

HARRY. Don't get off. I won't make it go high any more.

(ANNIE attempts to get off and tumbles over. HARRY does same.)

ANNIE. There! I knew you'd make me fall. And you've hurt my elbow and got my new dress all dirt and—

HARRY. Well you made me fall off, too.

(Enter JENNIE, MATILDA, FANNY and JOHNNY.)

JENNIE. Why, Annie, what's the matter?

ANNIE. It was Johnny—he made me fall.

HARRY. Didn't either! She made me fall.

MATILDA. Pshaw! I'll bet you aren't either one hurt very bad.

JOHNNY. 'Twasn't near so big an accident as Stuffy had just now.

SEVERAL. What happened to Stuffy?

JOHNNY. Didn't you see it? You missed a circus. Ho! ho! ho!

JENNIE. Well, do tell us. Did he fall in the lemonade?

JOHNNY. Why, you see Stuffy was stooping over just like this (*stoops*) and—and—oh gee!

MATILDA. Well, what was it?

JOHNNY. I dasn't tell.

FANNY. Go on—tell us.

JOHNNY. Well, you see, when he stooped over I guess his clothes fitted too soon or else the cloth wasn't very good. 'Tany rate he busted 'em. (*Girls giggle.*)

HARRY. What's he going to do?

JOHNNY. He's cut off a potato bag and wearing that now. Here he comes. (*Calls*) Hi, Stuffy! (*Beckons with arm and forefinger.*)

PETER (*off stage*). What d'ye want?

JOHNNY. Come here a minute! (*waits.*) Aw—come on!

(*Enter PETER.*)

PETER. What you want, anyway?

JOHNNY. The girls want to see the latest style in boys' clothing.

PETER. If I'd known that's all you wanted I wouldn't a come.

JENNIE. Never mind, Peter, don't let them bother you.

PETER. I don't care for him, and I'm glad the old clothes did bust 'cause I couldn't eat dinner in 'em anyway—they was too tight.

(Enter FRANK and ALLEN.)

FRANK. How do you like Stuffy's new suit?

ALLEN. I'm going to get the pattern and have ma make one like it.

FANNY. Dear me! I wish the twins were here. I wonder why they didn't come.

FRED. They went to Greenville with their father. They're coming if they get back in time.

FANNY. I do hope they will.

ALLEN. Say! Somebody ought to tell Miss Simms about Jake. He keeps sticking his fingers in the lemonade and licking 'em off.

MATILDA. Come on, girls. Let's go and tell her.

ANNIE. Jake Hoffman's a regular pig anyway.
(*Exeunt girls.*)

HARRY. Jiminy crickets! I'm hungry.

JOHNNY. So'm I—hungry as a bear.

ALLEN. I wish they'd have dinner 'fore long. Don't you feel faint, Stuffy?

PETER. Feel's if I hadn't had anything to eat for a week. I'm holler clear to my toes.

FRANK. Gee whiz!

(Enter EBENEZER.)

JOHNNY. What? Back again, Ebenezer?

HARRY. Did your pa give you a licking for taking the eggs?

EBEN. N-nope. He was out to the b-barn hitching up.

HARRY. Lucky for you.

EBEN. W-what d'ye s'pose? We got five more cakes and Dora's m-mother brought over t-two more.

JOHNNY. Whoopee! (*Waves arms about.*)
(*Enter LISBETH ANN.*)

LISBETH. Mith Thimms wants you all to come to dinner right away.

ALLEN. We'll be right there, Lisbeth.

LISBETH. Thay! Have you theen Mary Jane anywhere?

JOHNNY. We don't know where Mary Jane is.

LISBETH. I got to find her thomwhere.

HARRY. Well, you find her while we go and eat. Come on, boys. (*Exeunt boys.*)

LISBETH. Oh dear! I wish I could find her. They'll all have dinner eaten up 'fore I get there. (*Looks off stage.*) Oh goody! There thee ith now. (*Calls*) Mary Jane! Mary Jane!

(*Enter MARY JANE.*)

MARY J. What's the matter, Lisbeth?

LISBETH. The matter ith they're all eating dinner and we won't get none leth we hurry.

MARY J. Have they begun to eat aready?

LISBETH. I geth so.

(*Enter MISS SIMMS.*)

MISS S. Why, Lisbeth and Mary Jane, why aren't you at dinner?

LISBETH. I've been looking for her.

MARY J. And I've been home and got ma to make some more sandwiches. I thought we wouldn't have nothing but beans.

MISS S. Well, you poor dears, come right along with me. (*Exeunt.*)

(*The stage is empty for a moment. During this time the phonograph might be played off stage.*)

(*Enter DORA and FLORA.*)

DORA. Wonder where they can all be.

FLORA. Probably eating dinner.

DORA. Hadn't we better go and eat, too?

FLORA. No, don't let's go now. Let's stay here.

DORA. Here's a teeter board. Let's teeter while we're waiting.

FLORA. Just the thing.

(They take places on board and teeter while they sing any see-saw or other good song.)

(Enter JENNIE, FANNY, JOHNNY and FRANK.)

FANNY. Oh, here's Dora and Flora!

JENNIE. Why in the world didn't you come to dinner?

DORA. We just got here a few minutes ago.

JOHNNY. Gee! You missed it. I had three messes of beans and seven pieces of cake and six sandwiches and four glasses of lemonade and—

FLORA. Goodness! I'd be ashamed to tell of it.

FRANK. Those cakes your ma brought were dandies.

DORA. We're glad to hear that because we helped her make them.

(Enter Miss S. followed by others.)

LISBETH. Oh, look who's here!—Dora'n Flora.

MISS S. It was too bad you didn't get here in time for dinner, girls.

FLORA. We're awful sorry, too. We just got back with pa a little while ago and we came right over.

MISS S. Well, now everybody get seated somewhere and we'll begin our exercises. *(The teeter board is arranged for a seat for part of them. Others sit on ground. Visitors may enter and stand or sit in rear.)*

MISS S. You may sing your greeting song.

(*All sing to tune of "Marching Through Georgia."*)

Welcome to our picnic, every lass and every lad;
Welcome all you parents, too, and may you all be
glad,

So that you may truly say, "A jolly time we've had"
While at the Happyville picnic.

CHORUS.

Hurrah! Hurrah! We shout the jubilee!

Hurrah! Hurrah! A jolly crowd are we!

We will have a merry time from care and study free
While at the Happyville picnic.

MISS S. Mary Jane has an essay about "Picnics"
which she will read for us.

LISBETH. You didn't tell 'em 'bout the prith, Mith
Thimms.

MISS S. That's so, I forgot it. Mary Jane won a
picture book prize for writing the best essay, which
you are to have the pleasure of hearing.

MARY JANE (*rises and reads.*)

PICNICS

I think picnics are awful nice. They are generally
held in the woods. You have real good times and
lots of good things to eat at picnics. That's what
they're for mostly. A good many ladies like to cook
nice things to carry so they can show off their cook-
ing. They always have lots of cakes with frosting on,
and salads and scalloped potatoes and lemonade, but
sometimes the lemonade is nothing but coffee. Once
my cousin got a spider in her coffee. When folks go
to picnics they dress up in nice clean clothes and when
they come home they look like hoboes. At picnics
you can teeter and swing and sit on the grass in your
white dresses and romp around as much as you please,
and the boys like to see how high they can swing the

girls. I wish picnics would come two times a week. Last year I went to four picnics and once I ate so much I was sick for most three weeks and had to have a doctor besides. Once my aunt went and she got scared at a snake and so she won't go any more. That's all I know about picnics. (*Sits down.*)

MISS S. Next we will have a short exercise in physical training.

PETER. Oh teacher, I can't do it—I et too much.

EBEN. So'd I.

MISS S. I think you can do it—if you try real hard.

(PETER, EBENEZER, FANNY and MATILDA stand in a row about five or six feet apart. ANNIE steps to front and gives commands. These commands may vary. Only suggestions are given here.)

A Chests firm! (*Elbows raised to level with shoulders, hands at chest.*)

1. Extend arms forward and back on 8 counts.
2. Extend arms sideward, 8 counts.
3. Extend arms upward, 8 counts.
4. Extend arms downward, 8 counts.

(Repeat, alternating with right and left arms, if desired.)

B BODY BENDING.

1. Hands on hips, bend to right four times, 8 counts.
2. Bend to left four times, 8 counts.
3. Bend forward, 8 counts.

(PETER may appear to make very hard work of it. If desired this exercise may be omitted entirely.)

PETER (*wiping forehead with bandanna.*) Oh gee!

MISS S. The next will be a recitation by Frank.

FRANK (*rises and recites.*)

POLITICS AT HOME

We've had the worstest time at home
Since Ma's begun to vote;
First one an' then the other tries
To get each other's goat,
An' every day it's just the same—
I don't know where I'm at,
'Cause pa's a strong Republican
An' ma's a Democrat.

I hear 'em in the morning first
When ma's a fryin' cakes,
An' late at night when they're in bed
Until the baby wakes;
At dinner time an' supper time,
An' all the evening through,
They tell each other horrid things
That both the parties do.

If I's a man I'd be ashamed
To vote most either way
'Cause both of 'em should be in jail
A judgin' what they say.
I don't know which one's goin' to win—
I sympathize with pa,
But more I hear their arguments
I'll stake my "dough" on ma.

MISS S. We will now have a dialogue by two boys
and two girls.

(FRED, JOHNNY, JENNIE and MATILDA take places
in line.)

FRED.

I'm glad I'm not a primpy girl—
I'd ruther be a boy,

And romp and play just where I please
With no one to annoy.
It's "Don't do this" and "Don't do that,"
"You'll spoil your nice new gown"
Or "Don't go in the sun, my dear,
And get your face all brown."

JENNIE.

I'd rather be a "primpy" girl
Than some boys that I know,
Who shout and yell like Injun chiefs
Wherever they may go.
And climb into the tops of trees
Like monkeys in a zoo,
And tear their clothes all full of holes,
Such things girls never do.
(*Boys say "oh no!"*)

JOHNNY.

I'd rather be a "noisy" boy
Than any fussy girl
And have to wear my hair done up
In pigtail or in curl,
And wear a skirt all trimmed with lace
A dangling round my knees.
If 'twan't for that some girls I know
Would like to climb the trees.

MATILDA.

I'm awful glad I'm not a boy
And be obliged to wear
A big thick coat and horrid pants,
And all my lovely hair
Cut off so close I couldn't tie
My pretty ribbons on—
And then perhaps I'd have a name
Like Bill or Mike or John.

ALL (*in chorus*).

But after all is said and done,
We think it better far—
And we will all be satisfied—
To stay just as we are.

MISS S. Jacob Hoffman has a recitation entitled
“The Spider and the Maid.”

JACOB (*rises and recites*).

The Spider and the Maid

A lufly maiden lady vent
To a pick-a-nick von day
Und sat down on a bench to rest
Und pass some time away,
Und vile she sat there—pooty quick—
A leedle shpider came
Und tried his pest to flirt mit her—
He vasn't much to blame.
Und ven she spied dat shpider—oh!
She gave no vinning shmile
But shumped und screamed so loud I pet
You heard her half a mile.
Now if some nice young man vould come
Und vhisper in her ear,
I vonder vould she scream so loud
Dot efry von could hear?

(Other recitations, songs or duets may be introduced as desired to lengthen the program.)

MISS S. We will now have the closing song.

(While any song may be rendered here it is suggested that “Just Smile and Say Good-bye” be used. The whole company may join in singing.)

CURTAIN.

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